Tales from the Bookcase

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Tales from the Bookcase

by Marwana

Summary

Short stories for the 12 days of Christmas.
For Hannibal:
1) Christmas
2) To Know Violence
3) the Mental State of Freddy Lounds
4) Waiting
5) Time Travel - Indiana Jones AU
6) White Valentine
7) Rejection
8) Caricature
9) Poisoned Love
10) Fisherman

Notes

Merry Christmas to all who celebrate it.

Fair warning, not all stories are happy. I wrote most of these while one of my parental figures was in the hospital and we were not quite sure if they would make it (pneumonia sucks), and the other was fretting themselves into a burnout.

Anyway, I made sure to mix the cheerful one with the more dark ones. Enjoy!

A story will be posted every day but the 4th, 6th and 8th day as those days are planned for two Harry Potter and one Star Wars one shot(s).

- Inspired by Masks Upon Masks by Marwana

Christmas

Christmas had never been his favourite time of the year. People were always telling him how they *enjoyed* spending time with their families and how much they *adored* the food. They were almost always lying.

He did adore the lights that suddenly appeared everywhere, the snow that covered the land at least slightly in a pristine white layer, and the hot, spiced wine he could finally make for himself. He always loved to light the fire in the hearth as soon as winter truly started, and the holidays around Christmas gave him the time to enjoy his mulled drinks, his fire, his dogs, and his books or his lures or his motor in peace for at the very least an entire week.

It was just the entire consumerism, the questions asked about how he would spend it and with whom, and the sudden uptick in suspicious deaths that made the entire season and the time just before it annoying.

This year was especially hard on him. Last year he had been forced to skip his entire peaceful period of alone time in favour of the Lost Boys murders. Followed by his own incarceration thanks to someone he had considered a friend, his inevitable release as he had been innocent and there was no true evidence, the chaos surrounding the cases he had been dragged into, and his subsequent rekindling of his *friendship* turned attempt to gather evidence against the Chesapeake Ripper made him in dire need of some time to recharge.

He had made it quite clear to Jack that he was not to be contacted under any circumstances. If he did not listen to his sternly worded request, he would find himself without both a very successful profiler *and* the lure needed to capture his white whale. He had also declined numerous invites from Hannibal to join *him* for the festivities.

He did not care for the company the older man held under normal circumstances, nor did he feel up to enduring the over the top gushing and mushiness that Christmas seemed to bring out in people. He did not need to see the fawning the foreign psychiatrist would be treated to, nor did he want to see Alana's flirting with her lover.

No, he had everything he needed for the holidays right at home. His dogs, an utterly wrecked boat motor, a nice pile of books about different subjects and topics, a decent amount of cheap wine and cider to combine with the spices he always kept in his kitchen, enough chopped wood to last him a month, enough ingredients to last him until the new year at the very least, and two weeks off from work.

oOo

A loud knock on his door dragged him away from where he had been buried between and underneath the multiple salvable parts of the motor. He cursed softly as he cut his hand on a especially rusty part as he withdrew it just a bit too roughly, and he cursed again when he nearly tripped over a very exited Buster after he finally managed to extract himself away from his work and towards the door.

“What,” he demanded gruffly as soon as he had opened the door, only to be surprised by the sturdy wooden crate placed in front of his door. He was just in time to see the driver of a delivery van carefully reverse away from his driveway and onto the open road.

He had kept the door open too long, or he was taking too long generally, because all seven of his dogs had made their way towards and out of the front door and were now curiously sniffing at the sizeable package. He tsked firmly and they moved away enough so he could lift the box into his arms and carry it inside.

He placed it gently onto the kitchen table, more out of fear of damaging his aged kitchen table than out of fear for the crate as the package had weighted more than he would have guessed, before he called his dogs into the house and closed the front door again. It was too cold to leave it open for them, and the fire was cozy and delightful.

He turned back to the wooden monstrosity dominating his table and somewhat curiously tried to determine who could have sent him something like that. The FBI did not give out Christmas hampers as far as he knew, and he was not close enough with anyone that might have wished to send him gifts.

No, that was not quite true. There was *one* person who might wish to gift him something. Hannibal Lecter.

More cautiously than before he searched for a way to open the wooden crate, but he quickly realised that he would need an honest to god crowbar to actually lift the top. He grumbled as he started to search for one among his many tools, and he grumbled even louder as he forced the lid off the package.

A letter was on top of the straw – he was flabbergasted at the actual straw, not that plastic stuff – used as protection for whatever was inside, and he picked it up. As guessed, his name in neat and familiar handwriting showed that Hannibal had deemed him important enough to be gifted something.

Dear Will,
I was quite disappointed to receive your rejection of my invite, but I understand your reasoning. I wish you a merry Christmas regardless, and I hope to see you soon.
However, I did want to share my spoils for the season with you. Inside this crate you will find everything you will need to recreate the recipes I will serve on the 24th and on Christmas day itself, including my recipes for those fares I could not prepare for you up front, the plates to serve the dishes on and the glasses needed for the accompanying drinks, candles and candleholders, and some extras for you to enjoy whenever you feel a craving.
I was also so free as to include some gifts for you, to be opened on boxing day. I hope you enjoy them.
If you would like company for the holidays, please reach out to me. You are always welcome to join me, nor would I mind making the drive to your homely refuge in the forest.
Have a nice, and peaceful holidays.
Your friend, always.
Hannibal.

He stared almost incomprehensive at the things he found inside. As mentioned in the letter, everything needed for the meals was there, and then some. Dishes and glasses were neatly packed away and protected against the jostling of the van. Meats, fish and cheeses were already prepared for him, or were sealed in vacuum and marked clearly by name and recipe in that familiar script. Wine in branded wooden boxes were stored securely at the bottom, including some German wines cheerfully labelled as glühwein. Tiny dried sausages, homemade whatevers in small glass jars, additional artisan cheeses, and crackers were clearly meant as snacks. Different sweet breads, cakes, and other sweets were packed in festive boxes for him to enjoy either whenever he felt like it or as dessert.

He had even added some snacks and gifts for the dogs, all specialised and hand wrapped per individual canine.

Nothing edible came with a label from a store. Everything, even the cheeses, seemed to have been made by the Lithuanian doctor. It must have taken *weeks* if not *months* to make everything he saw in front of him.

It was in all likelihood also everything he needed to have the psychiatrist locked away. *If* he handed it over to Jack.

If.

To Know Violence

Chapter Summary

Will has a moment of introspection as he walks along the train tracks.

Chiyoh had left his baggage on the platform of the first station the train had stopped at. She had accused him of only knowing violence, had thrown him of the train after she had kissed him, and now she had left his belongings on the platform. Without warning and unprotected.

He counted himself lucky that there was no other human being in the vicinity and that no one had thought to call a bomb squad to have his bag checked when it was left behind.

What was it with anyone associated with Hannibal Lecter and their need to force changes upon him? Why did they always believe something was *wrong* with him and how he was? First Alana and her wish to cure him of his perceived instability. Followed by Lecter himself, and his out of loneliness derived desire to create an equal and a partner. And now Chiyoh and her demands of *gentleness*.

Not one of them considered what he truly needed, or wished, or desired for himself. He cared not for revenge, he just wanted to be even. He wanted to know as much about the Lithuanian as the former psychiatrist knew about him. He wanted to cause him as much *agony* as he had been forced to endure.

Of course he craved softness, kindness, love, and gentleness. Who didn't?

But the kindness and gentleness Hannibal had shown him at the beginning of their acquaintanceship had come hand in hand with cruelty and isolation. He had poked and prodded, hurt and betrayed. All he had wanted was to force him to change into the image he had of him, and he had not cared for the distress he had caused. Had he fled with him, he would have been forced into a new mould, one that was meant to please the Lithuanian socialite. One that would have seen anything that made him Will Graham, with all his likes and dislikes, erased.

He shouldered his bag with a grimace as his newly caused wounds flared with pain at the motion.

He disliked, no he *despised* violence. But it was the only language the people around him seemed to understand. Jack, Hannibal, Abigail, everyone he had worked with while still with the FBI, they had all used violence as their first, ingrained reaction as soon as they were forced into a corner.

Even Chiyoh, for all that she preached of gentleness, was as used to the influence of violence as he was. She might accuse *him* of believing only in that particular method of communication, and he was sure that she wanted to show him with that kiss that kindness or sexuality or whatever it was she was trying to convey was a different way of influencing someone, but she had still followed that one action of softness with an act of cruelty. The kiss had lowered his guard, sure, just as his act as a honey trap had lowered Hannibal's. But in the end, Chiyoh too had chosen to hurt when she could have healed. Even her wish to keep her prisoner alive was born out of cruelty. She might claim that she did not want Hannibal to kill him, but locking someone away in a cold and dark dungeon room for decades with little interaction of any kind was not an act of mercy. He had therefore little doubt that she was currently with or near Hannibal, and that she would shoot him if he came too close to the other man for her liking.

He looked up at the night sky, and admired the stars that had appeared. They twinkled gently above him, their light cold but serene.

He knew enough about Hannibal now that he was sure that he was waiting for him to reappear. He had waited for him in the Palatine Chapel in Palermo, and he would await him in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. He also understood enough about the serial killer to know that he would be glad to see him, but that he would ruthlessly kill and eat him anyway unless he managed to cut the doctor out of his life first. Violence beget violence.

With one last look at the stars above him, he started moving again. The station was abandoned, the next train would not appear for hours. He might as well continue walking.

He had one shot, or stab if one wanted to be accurate, to get even with the once renowned psychiatrist. Just one. He needed to be quicker than everyone else. He would need to act before Hannibal could cut him open again, before Chiyoh could shoot him, before Jack or even Pazzi would appear on the scene for their own revenge. His window for action was small, he would have very little time. And he was already wounded. The long walk and little amount of sleep and food he had had up until now would not help. He would also be expected. Both Hannibal and Chiyoh would know to look out for him. Both would also anticipate his attack, would probably welcome it even.

Unless… Unless he just did not appear. He could take the next train to the nearest international airport, and hop onto the first plane home to go back to his dogs. Leave Hannibal to his own created world of glamour and blood, and defy everything anyone expected of him. Let them stew in their uncertainty as he just did not show up. He could just disappear out of their life, as silently as they had disappeared violently out of his.

He placed one foot in front of the next, and slowly kept on moving along the tracks. A lonely figure in the dark. Unaccompanied, lightly packed, but his eyes alight with indecision.

It would serve them right.

The Mental State of Freddie Lounds

Chapter Summary

> Ever wondered about Freddie's mental state? I mean, why provoke someone who you believe to be a killer? Or as quoted: “It's not very smart to piss off a guy who thinks about killing people for a living.”
> Or, you know, an actual serial killer ;)

“Miss Lounds, are you suicidal?” doctor Lecter interrupted blandly, his tone of voice that familiar precise and polite one he only used when he wanted to make a point. It did its job and he smoothly stopped Lounds’ tirade before she really could gain steam. She gaped at him in surprise. Her eyes had widened, and her mouth was still slightly open as she had just been smugly digging into Will and his way of working. Again.
“I- what?” she managed to get out.

“Are you suicidal?” the psychiatrist repeated graciously as he made his way forwards to stand next to Will. The agents closest to them looked up from what they had been doing, and even went so far as to stop working when they noticed the scene.
“I- No, of course not!” Lounds exclaimed, both flabbergasted and insulted. She had managed to gather herself again, but she still clutched her bag tightly against her. For some reason, she seemed incredibly *wary* of the doctor.

Someone had clearly warned Jack about Lounds’ presence as he was making his way over towards the small group.

Doctor Lecter hummed softly in reply as he studied the sensationalist, his head cocked slightly to the right.
“Let me paint you a picture. A person is strongly convinced that a well-trained dog is false and tends to bite. This individual wants to prove that they are right by poking at and prodding the dog with a very sharp stick. The dog, a well-tempered and calm one, accepts the poking grudgingly, but the individual keeps on going and going. So they needle more and harder, until the dog growls at them. The dog does not even bite, just growls and snaps their jaw. The individual sees this as the evidence needed, and keeps on poking and prodding as if to show others they were right after all. Now, let us exchange the person with the stick for yourself, and the dog in question with a serial killer,” the psychiatrist shot Will an almost apologetic look from the corner of his eyes before he continued. Will had a feeling he know where this was going, “please explain to me why you feel the need to poke and prod at someone who you consider to be a murderer. Especially one you heavily insinuate, if not outright accuse, of being a serial killer and mutilator.”

“Like he could ever murder *me*,” the self proclaimed journalist stated haughtily, though apprehension had appeared in her eyes and she had started to look for a way out of the

situation. It was clear to Will that she knew she was being baited, but no one present knew why, "*he* would be the first suspect in case something happens to me. If he manages to find me."

Both ignored Will's muttered, "I am standing right here," though the doctor shot him a small, close-mouthed smile before he turned back to the red-haired nuisance.
"Tell me, how and why do you hide away?" the foreigner asked her, he was still polite but his eyes had both sharpened and darkened. Jack had reached them by now, but he hung back as one of the FBI agents nearby told him of the gist of what was happening.

"Because I write the truth about people like *him*," Lounds said with a small nod towards the temporary special agent standing right in front of her, "and his *type* might take offence."
"And it has nothing to do with the fact that half the things *you* do are clearly illegal," agent Crawford interrupted bluntly, his arms crossed over his powerful chest. The female writer of gossip disguised as the truth just smiled in a way she might believe was enigmatically, but was too shaky to be so.

"Please elaborate, how do you hide exactly?" doctor Lecter prodded gently but firmly.
"Oh, the usual," Lounds said airily with a wave of the hand not protectively holding her eyesore of a handbag against her chest, "I don't have a permanent address, I never stay in the same hotel or hostel room for too long and I change locations frequently, I regularly change my sim card. Things like that."

She shot him a searching glance, "really, why are you asking these questions?"
But the psychiatrist just ignored her, and with one last smile at Will he walked a fair distance away from everyone present. They watched on as doctor Lecter took his phone from his ridiculously soft and warm looking coat and called someone. Will shared a confused glance with Jack, before the latter shrugged and gently pushed the special agent towards the actual crime scene.

The last the special agent heard before he made his way over towards the victim was how the head of the BSU tore into the red-haired sensationalist.

oOo

An ambulance was waiting when they arrived at the next crime scene, not three days later. Will exchanged a look with Beverly Katz as they had been informed that the murder victim had probably been dead for at least a fortnight, but they left the car they had arrived in and ambled over towards where Jack and doctor Lecter were already waiting for them.

Both glanced at the ambulance with some uncertainty when they came to a stop in front of the dark-skinned agent, as neither recognised the markings on the emergency wagon.
"Ignore the vehicle," agent Crawford stated gruffly, "Will, here is the file, the scene is cleared for you."

With a nod, and one last glance towards the ambulance, he made his way over towards the remains of what had once been a fellow human being.

He had just started his *trick* of determining what had happened when he was forcibly dragged out of his interpretation of the scene by the furious shouting and screaming of a female. Disoriented, he stumbled away from the partially decomposed body and he looked up and about, only to be met by the reassuring, amber eyes of the Lithuanian psychiatrist.

He but briefly made eye contact, before an absolutely offensive string of curse words reached his ears and, slightly more stable but still incredibly shaken he turned back around towards the source of the foul language.

Only to be met by the sight of two paramedics quickly and skilfully handling Freddie Lounds. They must have given her something as she had started slurring and her cursing had become softer and more drawn-out.

"Do not concern yourself with her," doctor Lecter said kindly from right next to him, "I have called a clinic specialised in cases like hers to have her admitted."
"You did *what*?" Will asked him befuddled as he watched on as the annoying, still loudly cursing woman was easily lifted onto and firmly secured to a stretcher.

"It was evident to me that she has a troubling and potentially damaging case of paranoia. She sees serial killers and mutilators everywhere, she hides herself away and she frequently changes her location, she starts grandstanding and she makes large movements if she feels threatened, and she clearly has suicidal tendencies," the doctor answered patiently and he smiled softly at him, "it was obvious that she was a danger not only to herself, but that she would also form a threat to you in the future. Her paranoia made her accuse you of unreasonable actions without any evidence whatsoever. While most people would not believe her now, they might in the future."

"So you had her *institutionalised*?" Will asked disbelieving.
"Yes," was the simple response, before doctor Lecter repeated, "do not concern yourself with miss Lounds. She will not bother you again. I will make sure of it."

Will was not quite sure, but for a long second he believed he had seen something malicious flicker over the face of his – dare he say it – friend's face. It was just the briefest of seconds, and it easily smoothed away into the genial and genuine smile the doctor always seemed to wear around him.
He gingerly rubbed his forehead, his headache must be causing more problems than he believed possible if it caused him to see the normally unflappable psychiatrist suddenly as something positively *demonic*.

Waiting

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is waiting for Will to come home so they can celebrate Christmas. Will did not appear on the agreed upon time.

The fire was crackling cheerfully in his fireplace and spreading both a delightful warmth and a soft, rosy glow over everything in front of it. Soft blankets were placed in a neat stack right next to adjoined sheepskins and large, firm pillows meant for reclining placed in front of the fire. Music was playing softly, and classical records were tidily placed next to the record player.

The large Nordman firtree in the corner of the cosy den was decorated elegantly with shiny maroon ornaments and silvery garlands which reflected the softly glowing yellow lights. The low side table was filled with both a classy Christmas centrepiece made out of seasonal flowers and greens, and enough canapés and other light edibles meant for handfeeding to last them the night.

He had placed the mulled wine within its copper cauldron near the fire to keep it warm and ready to be consumed. A small stack of books with leather covers containing wintery tales and a somewhat larger but neat pile of gifts lay just behind the blankets and far away from the fire spitting sparks.

The dogs had been walked, fed, and laid to rest within their own den. He had left them toys in case they became bored, and they had enough space to walk around or play. The walls of his house were insulated well enough that they would not be interrupted by their roughhousing or their barking.

He had dressed in a pair of soft and silky to the touch pyjamas, covered by his favourite cashmere sweater. His hair was artfully mussed, and he remained barefooted. He had also decided to forgo underwear. If everything went according to his plans, clothing would be optional at the end of the evening.

Everything was ready for his beloved to come home to.

oOo

Time went by slowly, and he became more and more worried when not only did his darling not appear on the agreed upon time but long seconds turned into minutes, turned into at least an hour. Will was awfully late, and it was unlike him not to notify him of his delay.

His love had entrusted him that had never really celebrated Christmas in the past. When he had still been living with his father in his youth it was because there was never enough money, though his dad *had* tried the best he could to make something of the day, and when he had lived on his own because he had never someone to celebrate it *with*.

He had wanted to give him a taste of a nice, intimate celebration between two lovers. Will had been quite enthusiastic when he had told him of his plans, and had promised him he would make sure he would leave on time. The lack of one of the two lovers made his planned celebration more and more difficult as time passed.

He had already covered the food with glass tops or reuseable wrappings and placed those that needed it into the fridge. He had fed the slightly dimmed fire with new logs, but he had also banked it somewhat so he could leave the room if needed. The copper kettle too had been covered with its lid, and he had turned off the cheery Christmas music.

After exactly an hour had passed, he finally gave in and dialled the so often called number by mind. It rang, and it rang, but in the end he ended up listening to the generic voicemail message. Will was unreachable.

oOo

The sound of a car turning into the drive got his attention, and he looked up from where he had been tensely reclined on the sofa. He removed his reading glasses from his nose, and placed them and the tablet down on the table next to the sofa. He had been trying to read one of the newly published articles on behavioural patterns Alana had recommended to him, but he had barely managed to retain anything he had read. He had been too worried and, to be honest with himself, too *sulky* to pay attention to the article.

The soft snick of the door opening and closing reached him, and he stood to greet his incredibly late love.
“Hannibal?” Will’s voice called out to him. He padded towards the entrance, leaned against the doorjamb with his arms crossed in front of him, and watched on as Will removed his jacket and hung it onto the hook, “Hannibal?”
“Hello Will,” he greeted him, his voice somewhat flat. His darling appeared startled as he turned towards him, and a sheepish but genuine and adoring smile appeared on his lips and crinkled his gorgeous blue eyes.

“I am sorry I am late,” Will said contrite as he stepped closer to him. He ignored his clear wish to greet him properly as he waited impatiently for the reason for his tardiness, “I swear, I left on time but I ran out of luck on the highway. It was incredibly busy, an accident happened just in front of me and the debris caused by it gave *me* a flat tire, and my phone died just as I tried to call you to let you know of my misfortunes.”

He felt himself soften slightly and he searched him for any injuries with sharp eyes. Finding none, he finally allowed himself to relax his stand and to hang his arms along his body. Will used his now open posture to step closely to him and to press cold and chapped lips against his cheek. When he did not push him back, he became more bold and nuzzled his chilled nose against his own before he kissed him properly.

“Welcome home, my love,” Hannibal finally greeted him properly as he wrapped his arms around him, “I was waiting for you.”
“I know,” Will murmured against the meat of his shoulder as he buried his head in the junction where neck met shoulder, “I have been looking forward to celebrating Christmas with you today. I really am sorry for being so late.”

He gently placed his hand on the cheek he could reach and firmly lifted his darling’s head so their eyes could meet before he warmly said, “it is forgiven. Please, go upstairs, take a warm shower if you want one, and change into the pyjamas I have laid down on the bed for you. I will prepare everything else within the den.”

With one last lingering kiss, Will did as commanded. His waiting was over.

Time Travel

Chapter Summary

What if Hannibal did manage to travel through time? To the period of the second world war for example? Voller-as-Hannibal Indiana Jones AU

Chapter Notes

I hope everyone has a nice year end, and a happy new year!

I am not a native German speaker (as I am not a native English speaker), but my German is incredibly rusty. So let me know if I made a mistake.
Enjoy!

"Zieh ihm seine Jacke und das Hemd aus," Voller ordered one of the men around him coolly as he assessed him with critical but uncaring eyes, "er darf nicht ausbluten."

Something had changed within the fanatic physicist and he did *not* like it. Before, he knew where he stood with the Nazi. He was sure of himself and his calculations, he was a fervent believer in the Deutsches Reich, and he leaned heavily on his followers. He had actually been quite surprised that the German doctor had been able to make the climb towards Archimedes' grave at all.

Now, now he seemed different. Oh, he was still looking quite smug in his SS uniform, but he held himself differently. Even his accent in *German* was different, suddenly. It no longer sounded like he was a native, but from somewhere else. Somewhere far more *northern*.

The goons moved closer towards him and he weakly struggled as they removed his bag, followed by his fedora, his leather jacket, and his once beige shirt. The wound was throbbing and bleeding, and the fact that he was held down didn't help with either.

"Stop your struggling," he was told lazily, "you are only making it worse. While I might not like guns, they lack a certain *intimacy*, I have in depth knowledge of the human body and I hit you exactly where I aimed at."

"You a medical doctor now?" he managed to sneer at the Nazi.
The astrophysicist came closer and loomed over him as he studied the wound, "as I matter of fact, I am. Gib mir den Verbandkasten, bitte."

A goon came over and handed it to him, and it did not take long before Voller was cleaning and bandaging the wound with quiet efficiency. He quickly looked himself over as soon as the other man had stepped away and he had been released, and was surprised to see how *professionally* he had dressed it. The Nazi carelessly wove the other fascists away and towards other locations on the plane.

"When did you have the time to learn that?" he asked him suspicious.
"Oh, in the early 80s," the physicist told him airily while he packed everything neatly away, "to be quite frank with you, this is not the first time I travelled through time, however accidental my first attempt was. Regrettably, I was too wounded and too far in the past to change what I wanted to change."

"What, your first attempt to murder Hitler didn't work out for you?" he managed to get out sardonically. He had seen quite a lot in his life, somethings he could not even explain in anyway, but this was at the very least in his personal top ten. Not even because of the time travel alone, but also because of the sudden change of attitude in someone he had believed he had figured out.

"Oh, far from it," the other said nonchalantly as he removed his glasses, put them into his pocket and studied him through sharp eyes. It was clear that he did not need them after all, "I could not care less about either Adolf Hitler of the Third Reich beyond the instability it caused for my family some years from now. I could have waited for that of course, and I could have tried to prevent it, but I have come to realise that what happened has formed me and that I miss someone else far more desperately than I would have thought. Had I changed the course of history this early, I might have written out of history entirely."

He turned almost dreamy and bittersweet, but those dark eyes boring into his own never lost their sharpness or attentiveness, "I do not even know if my beloved mongoose survived our fall of the cliff, but I plan to go back to when I first met *him*. Murdering Hitler would ultimately change the course of history, but only barely. Infighting would happen between those in high positions and the Reich would collapse or implode before either the Alliance or the USSR could have invaded it."

"You are crazy," he told him plainly, not even caring for the fact that he was locked away in an airplane with someone who had already made it clear that he was not above killing others, "utterly nuts."
"Why yes," Voller said with nary a blink, as he placed the glasses back on his nose and made to move towards the cockpit of the plane, "certifiable so."

oOo

They had ended up somewhere above Siracusa, sometime around 200 BCE. He doubted that the astrophysicist had originally come from *that* period in time.

"Now what, genius?" he asked the doctor bitingly. Strangely enough, the man appeared only slightly disappointed but mostly intrigued. It was the other fascists that seemed to panic and felt threatened by the Roman soldiers.
"We turn around and go back," he answered distractedly as he studied the battle going on beneath them, "I now know it at least works and I can use it within my own calculations. It

was nothing more than an experiment and a longshot anyway. The results are surprising, but not necessarily disappointing."

He felt like throttling the other man, but something told him that he would not survive *that*. Whoever the German really was, he was not the weakling he had believed him to be.
"At least I have a nice adventure to tell to my Will, if I ever see him again," he murmured softly, before he barked out more sharply, "Pilot, drehen Sie das Flugzeug um. Wir gehen zurück durch das Zeitportal."

He could so nothing but watch on as the loon was obeyed and the battle underneath him became smaller and smaller, until they disappeared back into the portal that had spit them out in the first place.

Only to end up sometime in the 2000s, much to the delight of the astrophysicist, "finally, I am home."

White Valentine

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal drops by unannounced at Will's on the 14th of March. Takes place sometime in S2

His day, on the fourteenth of March, had been nice and uneventful up until that moment.

He had only had classes from ten till two, and could therefore finish all essays he needed to grade before he had to go home. There were no active cases so he was not expected to appear in the morgue or in the lab, and no new victims had appeared. Jack was out of state for whatever reason he had not cared to remember, so he did not need to fear any disturbance by the older agent. He had no appointment planned with a certain manipulative psychiatrist so he could wear whatever he wanted. Even the traffic on his way home was doable. He barely had to slow down, and he made it home within a decent timeframe.

All in all, quite a nice day.

Once home, he had enjoyed a long walk with his favourite beings in the world, before he had eaten an actually homecooked meal consisting of freshly caught trout he had removed from the fridge before their long walk, and enough potato salad made from scratch so he could bring some with him the next day for lunch.

Contrary to what some people might believe, he could actually cook a decent meal and enjoyed doing so if he had the time, though he would never be up to the ridiculous level and standard of Hannibal Lecter.

He had just sat down with his after dinner whisky and the plan to finish his rather pleasant, quiet day by finishing the latest articles in the research field of carrion insects, when the bell rang. All of the living beings present looked up from where they had been enjoying their activities, and the silence was quickly rendered moot by the barking of at least three dogs. A sharp tsk caused all but one of them to stop barking their silly heads off, and another sharp command made them move back onto their respective cushions.

He placed the book he had been reading reluctantly down, and half-heartedly made his way towards his front door. He had not expected anyone nor anything to be delivered, and he was not looking forward to having to spend the last moments of his delightful day *socialising*.

He could think of only two individuals who might drop by unannounced, and he was not exactly enthusiastic about having to deal with either of them. He opened the door slowly, and was not surprised at all to be met with Hannibal. The older man was dressed in a neat, warm,

light-coloured woollen coat and dark slacks. He was carrying a insulated, square bag within his left hand.

“Good evening Will, may I come in?” the doctor asked kindly, a soft look in those dark eyes and a gentle smile playing on those thin lips.
“Sure,” he finally answered after long moments had gone by in which he had studied the older man. He could not discern why Hannibal was here. He stepped aside to let the psychiatrist walk into his home, and he softly closed the door behind him.

Hannibal had made his way into his kitchen in the meantime and had deftly placed the insulated bag onto his counter. He might not be overly surprised by his presence, but he *was* somewhat astonished to see the most casual outfit he had ever seen the doctor in slowly revealed as the older man removed his no doubt expensive coat and scarf and hung them with little care for the dog hairs that might be transferred onto them over one of his chairs. Underneath the coat he was wearing only a warm, maroon sweater made out of a shiny material, with no dress shirt, waistcoat or suit jacket in sight.

“I made you something to celebrate today,” he murmured softly as he stepped closer. It took everything within him not to stiffen as one of the doctor’s capable hands arose to gently cup his cheek. With one last lingering caress Hannibal moved away and towards whatever it was he had brought. He cautiously followed after him.

He had no idea what was going on, or what made that particular day special compared to any other normal day in the year. He had no idea why *Hannibal* was here, unannounced and underdressed, and why he felt the need to touch him almost lovingly. Not after all that had happened between them.

The older man removed a box normally used for pastries gently from the bag so as not to damage whatever was inside, and placed it onto the table. He also removed a long and probably sharp knife, two almost translucent plates and two cake forks from a side pocket of the insulated bag.

“Would you like to do the honours?” he was asked, and the Lithuanian presented him with the handle of the knife. He took it, too flabbergasted to decline, and watched on as the doctor opened the pastry box and presented him with a small cake clearly meant for two pristinely decorated with a shiny, white glace or white chocolate. He hesitantly brought the knife down onto the sweet, and easily cut the confectionery into two equal parts. The inside of the sweet consisted of three layers of cake, alternated with creamy white and red layers.

Hannibal immediately put both parts onto the plates he had brought, placed a fork next to it, and held one of the plates out to him. His eyes were strangely intense with numerous, strongly-felt emotions. He gently placed the knife still held firmly down, and took the plate he was handed.

Hesitantly, he sunk the fork into the cake and, making sure he had a bit of glace, the red and white layers, and the cake itself, he took a small bite. The sweet taste of vanilla, white chocolate, strawberries, and something heady and rich hit his taste buds and he made a soft noise of pleasure that caused Hannibal’s eyes to darken with the now so familiar interest.

“Happy White Day, my dear.”

Rejection

Chapter Summary

Season 3, soulmate AU. Hannibal is rejected by Will. Unofficial follow-up of To Know Violence.

Chapter Notes

I am debating to make a multi-chapter story out of this idea. Would that be interesting to read in your opinion? Let me know!
Anyway, Enjoy.

He stared blankly at his chest, or more specifically, at the area on his chest where his unfilled mark used to be. There was only a large, black shape left. He had been rejected.

For the first time in *decades* all the trains carrying his thoughts into multiple directions at once had screeched to a halt. Will had rejected him.

It hurt more than he had considered possible. Even after everything, after all they had done to each other, Will had chosen to reject him *now*. Why now? What had changed?

Will, his darling Will, had not rejected him after he had framed him for his crimes and gotten him locked away in the incapable hands of Chilton. He had not rejected him after he had realised that *he* had been the one that had caused his mark to fill in during one of his periods of mental absence, but that he would continue his affair with Alana and that he would not allow him to claim him in return. Not until he had truly gained his trust. He had not rejected him when his anger had burned hot, and vengeance had made his blue eyes gleam so gorgeously hellishly. Will had not even rejected him after he had physically *gutted* him in his kitchen to make him mirror his own mental state at his betrayal.

He had even given him his forgiveness when both had been in Palermo. They had not actually met face to face, but both knew that the message sent had been understood and received. His broken heart for forgiveness.

He had not seen Will since, but he knew that several interested parties were closing in on him. He had had no doubt that Will would be one of the first to reach him.

So why had he been rejected now? What had changed?

He dexterously buttoned up his shirt, but he could not forget, nor ignore, the unsightly large black blotch marring his body. It shone through the white linen of his button-up. He put on his black – black as his mark had become – waistcoat and neatly buttoned than one up too. The upper edges of his once beautiful but uncoloured mark were still visible above the edge of the dark material. He gently followed the outer line of what had once been the tail of the mongoose where it peeked out beneath his clothing. Now, it was just another distorted pointed something. He deftly plucked the suit jacket from where he had carefully placed it on his bed and slid it on. Finally, his disgrace was hidden away.

His eyes were dark and empty as he met them in the mirror to check his overall appearance.

He had been rejected.

oOo

“Are you alright?” Bedelia sounded so very bored when she asked him haltingly and slowly. She did not even deign to look at him when she asked, and she did not care for the answer beyond the fact that it might endanger her own life. He tried to respond that there was nothing wrong, but realised he could not bring himself to talk. He tried again, but failed for the second time in seconds to make a sound.

He had become mute. Will’s *rejection* had caused him to become mute. He could not even bring himself to hold him responsible for his inability to express himself.

Bedelia finally turned towards him and away from where she had been doing her make-up, her neatly plucked and styled brows lifted faintly in both vexation and vague worry. She blanched at whatever it was she must have noticed in his empty, empty gaze.

“I shall cancel our seats for the operetta, I assume?” she asked after long moments had gone by in which he did not do anything beyond wordlessly and blankly gaze at her. He just shook his head. He did not care for the opinion of others, and he had looked forward to this particular performance. Let them consider him arrogant or disdainful for his silence. Bedelia could give his excuses for him. She was good at making them, anyway.

oOo

The other appreciators of the fine arts were *wary* of him, even those he had managed to built a positive report with. They seemed to sense something was off both *with* him and *about* him. Bedelia had given some vague explanation of him having a cold and having lost his voice, but it was evident that no one believed her. His eyes were too alien, too *blank* for that.

They were right to be cautious around him. He was just a wrong word or gesture away from releasing the monster, howling underneath his skin for his now lost mate, on the unsuspecting audience around him. An abandoned predator, rejected by its mate, left alone, unmoored, and in distress among its natural prey. Wariness and their distance was all that kept them safe.

It would end in a bloodbath.

The performance had been superb. The instruments had been played skilfully, and the singers were capable. The venue had been gorgeous and the canapés and drinks served were up to his normally discerning standard. Even Bedelia had ceased her endless needling of his yearning for Will. And yet. He could not enjoy any of it.

His mind was as blank and empty as his eyes portraited to the world. All he could think of was *rejectionWillwhynowmydarlingnotgoodenoughhurt*. All he could think of was the black, black pressure of loneliness, firmly painted onto his chest.

His soulmate had rejected him.

Caricature

Chapter Summary

> Prequel to Masks upon Masks.
> Long before Hannibal managed to hurt him, long before he had even started working for the FBI, he had learned how to mimic others. But it was never perfect. It was always a caricature.

"You can read people," Bev said to him on an otherwise ordinary Tuesday while they were present in the lab to discuss the latest case, "as in, you know what type of person they are, what actions they might take, and their basic character? Based on what you read and see?"
"Yes?" he responded hesitantly. Normally, being questioned like this would somehow always end with him being labelled as either creepy or freaky, or both.

"Can you mimic people based on what you know of them?" she asked, clearly fascinated by the idea. The other two present, Jimmy and Zeller, both looked up from whatever it was they had been discussing.
"I- well yes," he answered now really cautious, "but unless I know whoever I am to mimic really well, it will always be a caricature of their most obvious traits."
"That's awesome," Bev stated with a strange gleam in her eyes, "can you teach me? Just being able to create a caricature of a person is enough for me."
"I might," he said thoughtfully as he studied her, "you have a sharp eye for details and you read people well enough. You can probably learn how to recognise the visible personality. It is not too dissimilar to creating a profile anyway."

The others looked just as interested, and he spent quite some time lecturing them on profiling beyond the standard methods they had been taught.

oOo

He never told anyone, but for long, lonely years there had only ever been one person he knew well enough to truly mimic. His father. He could create a well enough impression of those individuals who showed a quite simple personality to the outside world, but he would never be able to imitate them well enough to fool their loved ones. No one was ever truly *simple*, and even those that appeared to be so had layers hidden away for the outside world.

For those who showed more complex characteristics to the outside world, he could only ever emulate the traits that were most obvious. Because they were so strong, they would always appear as a very one-dimensional imitation of the actual person. Recognisable enough, but he could never show the full picture of their character. And everyone loved a recognisable caricature, except for the person being mimicked.

However, the problems started once he did get to know them better, as he did with the killers Jack made him emphasise with. It made it easy for him to *truly* imitate them. And that was the moment were it became scary.

Because the minute he knew someone so well that he could read their every aspect of their personality, knew every response they might have to every action taken or every word said, and could mimic it to perfection, that was the moment people started to get unnerved. Especially when they recognised the individual he was mimicking. And the better he knew them, the more accurate the imitation became until the line between the other and him became so blurred that people would not recognise him anymore.

His father had always gained a perverse amusement from the fact that he could put them into a room together and he would act exactly the same as he himself did. He had been the only one.

Right up until he had met Hannibal Lecter, and the older man had come to know him really well and opened himself up in return.

oOo

He unconsciously straightened himself with a confidence he had never felt as just Will Graham. The suit he was wearing for their dinner out was sharp and far more flamboyant than he would have normally chosen for himself. It was still a sober navy, with the only splash of bright colour being provided by the burgundy tie tied in the one fancy knot he had been taught, and Hannibal had assured him that it fit him to perfection.

His hair was slicked back, and his eyes were for once not covered by his glasses. He did not recognise the person he saw in the mirror. No, that was not quite right. He *did* know the person looking back from his own eyes. He had learned to meet that sharp, prodding, and often amused gaze sometime during their acquaintanceship. He was just not used to see that same look in his own blue eyes instead of the warm maroon-amber of his once-friend and psychiatrist.

He briefly squeezed his eyes shut. It hurt to think of Hannibal, and the relationship they used to have. He had not realised that he had come to know the other man so well that he could imitate him to perfection. It was useful in situation such as these, but the grief that welled up in him combined with the yearning for his company nearly crippled him.

He hardened himself, and he opened his eyes again. It was no use to consider the bygones, and he had a dinner to get ready for.

oOo

He mentally tightened the skin created based on Hannibal's true traits and characteristics around himself and hid his own personality firmly beneath it. He easily adopted he assured gait of his former friend, and a poised smile effortlessly fit onto his lips.

He confidentially walked into the restaurant and made his way over towards the maître d'. He ignored the admiring looks his sharply dressed form gained with an ease that fit with the

persona he wore, the looks were only to be expected.

“Good evening,” he greeted the man politely, “there is a table reserved under the name of Foster. I am expected.”
“Of course sir, right this way,” the maître d’ bustled away, and he followed after him slightly bemused and extremely, perversely so, entertained by the *subservient* way the man was acting.

But that amusement was nothing by the faces he was treated to as soon as he neared the table. Mollie looked lovely in her new dress, of course, but even her comely looks paled next to the slack-faced surprise of the only other man at the table.

Hannibal would have been *delighted* at the near dread the lawyer showed. So that was what he did. He *delighted*.

Poisoned Love

Chapter Summary

The Hannibal-got-potioned AU, only slightly different... Early season 1

Chapter Notes

I truly love the potioned or amnesiac Hannibal AUs. Sadly, there are not a lot of them. If anyone knows a good one, let me know!
Enjoy

Something was wrong with doctor Lecter. It was not necessarily that he was acting strange, they had not known him long enough to determine what was normal for the man anyway, but his current behaviour was odd. Even for someone who dealt with heavily mutilated and often staged bodies, that was saying something.

The foreign psychiatrist seemed almost *nervous*, and he kept adjusting the sleeves of his suit coat or straightening his waistcoat. His voice and cadence was normal, and he met their eyes and listened attentive when one of them said something, but still. Something was off.

It took them almost ten minutes before they realised that his pupils had blown until they had nearly completely covered his irises. To be fair, he *had* dark coloured ones. But the light in the morgue was unforgiven, and it made the difference between the black pupil and the brown iris quite distinctly clear. His pupils should also not have blown to the size they currently were.

“Are you alright?” Bev asked him with clear concern.
“I am just fine,” the doctor assured her, “may I ask, why the sudden concern?”
They shared glances, but the doors to the morgue were thrown open before they could point out the weird things they had noticed and Will Graham stepped into the room.

He appeared as gloomy and grumpy as always, though he at least appeared to be dressed for his job as a teacher. Decent, dark slacks were combined with a slightly faded grey but pressed button-up covered by a tweed suit jacket. His hair was a mess, his bag was clenched in a callused hand, and his glasses covered the sharp, blue eyes that glared accusingly at the dead body on their table and firmly ignored the living human beings present.

“Afternoon,” he greeted them curtly, and he appeared happy enough to ignore them in favour of doing the job Jack had dragged him kicking and screaming into against his express wishes.

That particular wish was ignored too, as whatever was going on with the psychiatrist seemed to have something to do with the new consultant.

Before anyone truly realised what was happening, doctor Lecter had stepped forward and into Will's personal space, had dropped down onto his knees uncaring of the harsh tiles or the quality and price of his trousers, folded his arms around the trim waist in front of him, and had buried his face firmly into the other man's stomach.

They all just stood there, completely stunned and with mouths agape by the strange *happenings*.
"Wha-?" Will asked flabbergasted, "doctor Lecter, what are you doing?"
He gently tried to push the doctor away with his one free hand, but the foreigner just held on. The only verbal response he got was muffled by his belly.

Graham dropped his bag with a loud clatter and while he tried to use one hand to pry the arms away from his waist, the other slid into the doctor's hair to try and use *that* to gain leverage to get him off. It gained him at least some response, though not the one he had been looking for. Doctor Lecter turned his head slightly until it was more firmly pushed into the hand cradling his scalp. This also freed his face somewhat from where he had been nuzzling into Will, and they were surprised to see the almost blissful look it held.

"Guys, some help," the special agent sounded lost, and they quickly shook their own shock at the scene away and moved closer to the entwined duo.
"Would you like to tell us something?" Bev asked Will teasingly, but the panicked, wide-eyed look told them enough. Their newest consultant probably had not known the doctor currently begging for pets, not unlike a dog or cat really, any longer than they had and they truly were not familiar enough with one another for such *intimate* behaviour.

They could not get close enough to actually help the poor, trapped teacher however. The moment they stepped too near, the doctor's nuzzling turned into warning growls. He also snarled something at them which sounded like words, but was not spoken in a language they recognised. All three of them stepped back with raised hands, and the growling and snarling slowly turned into softly spoken murmuring everyone could recognise as being more adoring.

Like any good and well trained dog owner, Will did the only thing he could do. He started to lightly run his hand through the soft hairs strongly pushed into said hand, even as he mouthed for help.

In the end, they sent Jimmy to get Jack. He had brought the doctor in, he could fix the problem.

oOo

"I feel like I must apologise for what happened last week," doctor Lecter said after he had cleared his throat somewhat embarrassed. The first long minutes of their session had been spent in uncomfortable silence, "a blood test was done after Jack managed to pry me away from you, and it appears as if I have been dosed with a slow acting potion that made one act on what one *yearns* for the most. Not desires, as that could lead to someone consuming copious amounts of, for example, coffee, but truly the strongest yearning one might have."

“And you *yearned* for what, to hide away from the world in my belly?” Will asked with a tone that tried for sarcastic, but hit discomforted.

“No, I did some *soul searching* and I realised that I yearn for a true connection,” the psychiatrist said as he leaned forwards to meet the ever darting eyes, “it does not need to be romantic, or sexual, or anything of that kind, just a bond or relationship with someone who can truly see and understand everything about me, and still wishes to stay with me. Of course, I do not want this bond to be one-sided, but I *yearn* for that bond to be reciprocal. The potion just forced me to show this yearning, *my* yearning for *you*, in the only way my compromised mind could come up with. I know of your strong affection for your dogs. I am not aware of your attitude towards a relationship with a fellow human being, however, and you have already made it clear that you do not consider me to be *interesting*. So I did the only thing I could think of doing while my normal rationality was poisoned…”
“You acted like the human equivalent of a touch-starved dog,” Will finished for him, somewhat flatly.

“Yes, now tell me, please,” the doctor asked, seemingly both curious and somewhat hopeful, “how does that make *you* feel?”

Fisherman

Chapter Summary

Jack is actually a good profiler, and Will misses some things.

Chapter Notes

Surprise extra chapter as my birthday is coming up. Enjoy!

"I am a good fisherman, Jack," he told him firmly as he put his hands into the pockets of his jeans, "I will hook him and reel him in, but it is up to you to put him away."
"You will act like bait?" the older man asked him, a tone somewhere between sceptical, faintly hopeful, and disapproving.
"The Ripper did not free me because he cares about my reputation," he said bitterly, a humourless laugh being dragged out if his mouth against his will, "he is lonely and looking for a *friend*."
"A partner," Jack said, and it was clearly a statement and not a question.
"A partner," he agreed with a slight incline of his head.

The older agent studied him carefully for long moments. His gaze felt like it burned a fiery path as it swept over his body, and he could easily read the doubts and plans and risks as they went through his mind and were either discarded or set aside as doable.

"Fine, we will follow your plan," Jack told him finally, "but you cannot be presented to *Hannibal Lecter* as you currently are. I will make an appointment with my tailor and tell him what you will need. I will make sure the FBI will cover the costs."
He goggled at him, "wha-? What are you talking about?"

The head of the BSU just looked at him with a grim smile, but did not respond.

oOo

There had indeed been a trip to Jack's tailor, he had been too curious to know what the older man had *seen* that made him feel it was needed, but luckily the dark-skinned agent had been gracious enough to mention his distaste and distress at being touched for long periods of time. Working for a profiler had its uses, and not having to mention one's social abilities was one of them.

He was therefore highly surprised to be presented with multiple slacks fitting just shy of being tight around his thighs and behind, enough dress shirts in colours that flattered his complexion to last him at least two weeks, two suit vests, and one suit jacket. The colours for the suit ranged from grey to blue to black, but all were stylish and all fit him perfectly.

He just did not understand *why* he needed them. Lecter had had no problem with him while he had dressed in his own preferred clothing, so why the need for a suit, or fitted slacks, or suit vests?

Jack just looked funnily at him every time he asked him, a cross between amusement, wariness, and disbelief. But he never got his answer, just the command to wear at least one of the slacks and one of the dress shirts the next time he went to see the psychiatrist. And to do something about the bird's nest that his hair had become during the period he had been at the tender mercies of Chilton.

oOo

The doctor had been preoccupied ever since he had found him in his waiting room. It was barely noticeable, and he doubted that anyone else would have seen the signs, but it was in the way he was slightly slower to respond and the sometimes *shallowness* of his answers. He was not fully *mentally* paying attention to the conversation they were having. Part of him was elsewhere.

At first he had believed it was because he had not actually expected him to appear, but that was quickly laid to rest when the older man mentioned that he had kept his slot open. Nor was it caused by fear, as the chairs were as close together as he remembered them to be.

It took him until he had started to pace – his steps smaller than normal as the pants were otherwise stretched *too* tight for comfort – that he got an inkling that Lecter's thought might not be elsewhere after all. His words and steps faltered for a brief moment as he realised just what, or rather who, *had* grabbed his attention so firmly.

His dark eyes had been firmly pinned on his form, but they never once met his own stormy blue ones. They were instead roving over his form, clothed in the made-to-measure garments Jack had paid for. His pupils were dilated, and it was clear that he *appreciated* what he was looking at.

The doctor met his eyes as he noticed his vocal stumble, and he answered almost naturally, but it did not take long before his eyes dropped away from his face again as soon as he started pacing again. Now it was his turn to only pay enough attention to their verbal discussion as he started his own *experiments*. He took slightly larger steps, masked by his seeming agitation, during which the slacks drew unfamiliarly and almost uncomfortably tight around his behind.

He whirled around as fast as he could, and caught that almost heated gaze lingering almost inappropriately on him, almost as if Lecter could not help himself. He would be lying if he had seen it coming.

He had always known if someone desired him. He knew who had lusted after him when he had been a young, bare-faced cop in New Orleans. He had been aware of the want Alana had held ever since they had met, but had never acted upon until that moment together in his living room. And he always felt which students would not mind attending *detention* with him for a higher mark.

So how had missed *this*? He could partially lay the blame on both is encephalitis and the stress caused by his day-job, but only partially. He had been blind to any signs the psychiatrist must have shown, as Jack Crawford *had* seen them.

The perfect bait, indeed.

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